

HERE'S A FISH STORY.

A TALE RELATED BY WISCONSIN FARMERS.

The Great Pickerel of Twin Lakes and How He Was Finally Shot—A Place Where Legends Grow Very Large Between the Eyes—Farmer Bundy and a Festive Pickerel.

Biggest of the Season.

The Twin Lakes of Wisconsin lie eighty miles west of Chicago. On the west shore of the smaller lake and within a stone's throw of a field of wild rice and wild celery is a ridge, and upon this ridge was the recent home of a camping party. The spot is one where legends grow large between the eyes. Every night, when the moon was painting a luminous pathway upon the lake, farmers in hickory shirts and hats that had been drawn to a peak at the crown would tramp over the ridge and sit down by the campfire and talk about these legends which not only relate to the fish in the lake but to the things that fly over the lake. One of the farmers' stories, according to a writer in America, of the lower lake is associated with a pickerel. And when it is told by the farmers, who have now finished their harvesting, they roll their eyes and expectorate with a vehemence that is calculated to carry conviction to the mind of every listener. The other legend relates to a mosquito of enormous size and strength, and an insect of fiendish pertinacity when engaged in his business.

Farmer Bundy carries the pickerel legend back to the time of the war, when he was a boy in the house just over the crest of a yellow stubble-field. One winter's night he was spearing fish through the ice, when of a sudden he heard a snort, and then, before he could lift his spear, a pickerel of enormous size seized him by the foot and tore the loose overshoe away. An instant later



TELLING A LEGEND.

the fish darted beneath the ice and was not seen again until 1863, as the legend runs, when Farmer Vosburg caught him and landed him in a boat. It was a strong pull, for the fish, even at that day, weighed as much as Farmer Vosburg's eldest child. The hook was wrenched from the bedding gills, and the sturdy fisherman was about to hit the fish in the head with an oar, when he suddenly attacked his captor and knocked him into the stern sheets with one swish of his tail. When the farmer rounded to, the pickerel was out of the boat and cutting water ten yards away like the blade of a knife. His dorsal fin, it is now recorded, looked like a sail before a spanking breeze. Troubled not only by his misfortune in losing so great a fish, Farmer Vosburg set up a cry of dismay when he beheld that his watch and chain were gone. It was an old-fashioned chain, for it encircled his neck and fell in two loops into the pocket of his velvet vest. There was no doubt that this pickerel was the one Farmer Bundy saw six years before, for the overshoe, with its rusty buckle, was firmly wrapped about the middle of the fish. This discovery caused much comment in farmers' households on both sides of the lake. Everybody was perplexed. It was finally agreed that the pickerel had run his long snout through the opening of the shoe, and then through the loop made by the buckles and flap.

From 1863 until 1874 nothing more was seen of the pickerel. Now, and then fishermen casting for bass in the wild celery would revive the story by reporting the rush of an enormous fish at their hooks and the scraping of a dorsal fin on the keel of their boats. Once it was told that a pickerel with a head as long as a sexton's spade and a body which was fully the length of the rotting posts of the old bridge, had been seen plunging along the surface of the water with a noise that sounded like the exhaust of an engine in a saw mill. One day in 1886 Farmer Mader drove his horse and wagon into the lake to wash them. He was scrubbing the spokes of the wheels preparatory to going to the annual "trot" at Richmond, when he heard a mighty splash. He threw up his hands in amazement, for before his bulging eyes was the great fish tearing the harness off the plunging horse. The bridge



TEARING OFF THE HARNESS.

snaped. There was a jingle as the bit was yanked from the jaws of the animal. The check-rein parted and followed the glistering buckles and rings as they shot into the water behind the black fin of the fish. Farmer Mader gave the alarm the country round, and within two hours an expedition was formed to capture this mammoth pickerel. But the search, careful and alluring as it was, proved of no avail.

The story of the great fish of the lower lake was the subject of common talk for a month or more, and then it was referred to only when strangers

asked to have it told to them. There was something gruesome about the antics of this wonderful pickerel which was always and vaguely referred to as "the big fish." It plainly differed from the rest of the fish in the lake. Some persons went so far as to say that he "holed" on certain nights, and these nights, it was further claimed, were when the moon was at its full. It was even said that the great fish was amphibious; that he came to shore from time to time and walked about on short, squat legs, and that when he was of



A FINE SHOT.

an observing turn of mind he would rear himself up in the water and sweep the country with a pair of flaming or phosphorescent eyes. One day in 1889 a party of Rockford men, camping at Hickory Point, were using a hoopskirt wrapped in mosquito netting in catching muskies in the shallow channel which connects the two lakes, when they felt a vicious tug and then their contrivance darted from their grasp and was not seen again. Of course, "the big fish" was held responsible for this theft, as also for the loss of a leathern band and a brass bell which had been ruthlessly torn from a cow as she was drinking water from the lake.

During the fall of 1890 fishermen on the lower lake reported having heard strange noises in and above the water, sometimes like the muffled tolling of a bell and then again like the upsetting of a painful of silverware. One man, who was on the lake at night, said the noises he heard sounded like a charivari. The source of all these sounds was a mystery. Finally Farmer Vosburg, who knows more about the lake than anybody, made up his mind to discover the cause of the disturbance. One evening when the air was still he put out in a boat with a shotgun. His cruise lay along the west shore. He had been out but an hour when he heard a splash, the clang of a bell and the tinkle of other metallic substances. He knew he was in the wake of "the big fish," for no other fish could compare with the monster ahead of him. Putting all his strength to his oars Farmer Vosburg made chase. Of a sudden "the big fish" raised again, and for the second time the bell rang distinctly, and there came the same metallic jingle. Farmer Vosburg is a fine shot. He can shoot the heads off chickens at 200 yards. When he fired at "the big fish" there was a grunt which was almost human and blood began to stain the waters. "The big fish" had been killed. His head was in shreds and his white belly was turned up to the rising moon. Farmer Vosburg hauled the monster into the boat. If he had doubted the identity of the fish, that doubt was dispelled when he beheld Farmer Bundy's overshoe still about the middle of the Leviathan. Then, too, the fish was firmly entangled in the hoopskirt net of the Rockford encampment, while from gills to tail he was girdled with the straps of Farmer Mader's harness. Around the dorsal fin and belly was the leathern band and brass



THE BIG PICKEREL.

bell; but stranger than all to the gaping farmer was the discovery of his watch in a sort of pocket in the side of the fish which, doubtless, was cut with a spear years and years ago. The timepiece was intact. Even the crystal had not been shattered. The watch had stopped at 1:03. That was the price at which Farmer Vosburg had sold his wheat three days before.

Energy of Sunshine.

"All the energy in the world," said Dr. C. F. Chandler in a recent lecture before the Columbus School of Mines, "comes from sunshine. Even the energy in the electric battery that rings the doorbells of our homes has its origin in the light of the great solar system. The force in the copper wire that sets the bell to ringing comes from the zinc plate in the battery jar, the energy in the zinc plate comes from the anthracite coal with which it was burned when taken from the mines; and, finally, the energy in the anthracite coal was put there by the sunlight that fed and nourished it when it existed, ages ago, as trees and plants. An interesting misapprehension that exists in the minds of a good many persons is concerning the vital dangers that lurk in the pressure of, say, a thousand volts. The newspapers often tell us that a man has been killed from such a pressure, whereas, in fact, such a pressure alone could not kill a humming bird. I have frequently caught in my hand sparks possessing an electro-motive power of 100,000 volts without feeling more than a very slight burn. The danger arises only when the volts are reinforced by a good many amperes or currents, and when one takes hold of a charged wire. Then one feels a shock that is unmistakable, because the force of a great many currents in the wire suddenly decomposes all the fluids in his body. The salt in the blood at once turns to chlorine gas, and the man whose veins are charged with this deadly poison cannot in reason be expected to live."

You will seldom see a married man who hasn't got it "in" for some particular member of his wife's family.

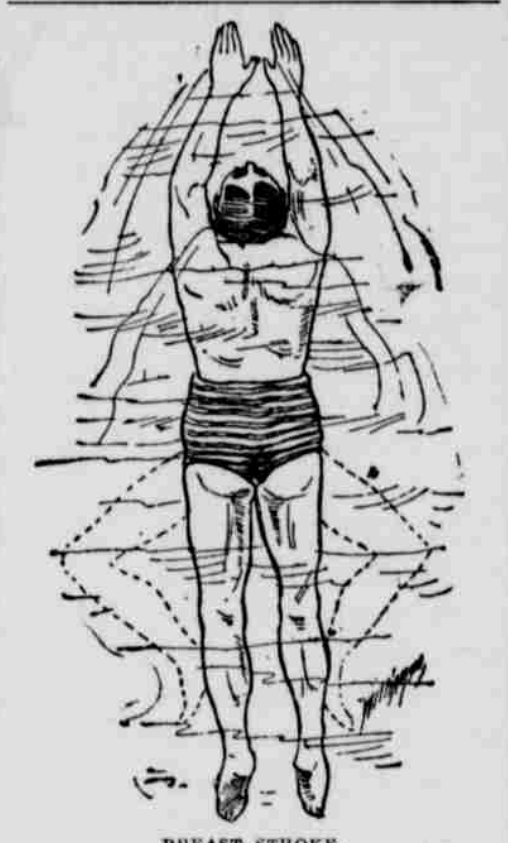
THE ART OF THE SWIMMER.

Instructions for Acquiring Skill Which Is Both Useful and Pleasurable.

Nine out of ten persons who teach themselves to swim do not swim properly, says the New York Telegram. To swim correctly does not necessarily mean to keep afloat for a long time or even to cover a long distance in reasonably fast time. It means the art of making the different parts of the body perform their work perfectly with the use of the least strength and at the same time contribute to the ease of the swimmer.

The first thing a beginner must learn is to overcome his fear of the water. Unless he has perfect confidence in himself he will never learn a stroke. Usually boys evince this weakness when they begin, but they soon get out of it. The first lesson in swimming is the movement of the feet. Usually tanks have a bar fastened to one of the sides and level with the surface of the water. Grasp this bar so as to hold the head above the water and go through the motions of a perfect kick, such as is used in the breast stroke. Do this until you have it perfect and then the first lesson is over.

The second lesson is the stroke. Walk toward the center of the tank until the water reaches the shoulders. Then turn and face the steps and put the hands in proper form for a stroke. This is the proper form: The hands should be outstretched, palms downward, and the fingers close together and the two thumbs touching each other. Then go through the motions of a perfect stroke. When one feels confident that he can use his feet and his hands together, while standing in the above position he must take a long breath and attempt to swim toward the



BREAST STROKE.

steps. This is the most difficult feat to learn, and until it is fully mastered no other movement should be attempted. After reaching the steps go back and do it again and again until you feel confident enough to plunge into the deepest part of the tank. After this the novice can gradually go out deeper until the depth is greater than his height, and soon he will find himself able to navigate any part of the tank.

The most important stroke in swimming is the breast stroke. When the swimmer places his hands in the position described above, he inflates his chest and springs forward, striking out at the same time. Both arms and legs should be used at the same time. While the arms are striking out the legs should be pushed down. As the arms come back to the recover, the legs are drawn back into place in the next stroke. All the speed gained from the kick does not come from pushing the water with the feet. The most of it is derived from bringing the legs quickly together very near the end of the kick at the point where they are stretched farthest apart. The management of the breath is another important thing. Always breathe when you are beginning to recover with your arms, so that the body can have the greatest buoyancy at the time it needs it most.

To swim on the back is very easily learned. When in deep water roll over on your back and stretch out the legs and drop them a little lower than the body. Keep the hands close to the side; then paddle with them in a rotary fashion from the wrist. Keep the lungs filled with air and you will find swimming on the back more comfortable than when lying on the stomach.

The fastest stroke in swimming on the back is called the overhand stroke.



SWIMMING ON THE BACK.

The knees are raised slightly, and in kicking down, first with the right and then with the left, you drive the water away from you with the sole of the foot as the leg goes down, and with the top of the foot as it comes up. While the feet are paddling in this manner, the arms are thrown alternately out of the water over the head, sweeping the water back on the recover, and under the water with great force.

Now for floating. The best way to learn how to float is to catch each foot by the toes with the hands, lie on the back, and swing the feet outward, throwing the head well back. Be careful always to fill the lungs with air before executing these movements. Breathe quickly while floating, and do not exhaust the lungs, for when they are empty the body immediately sinks. After this has been tried a number of times, let the feet go, stretch them out straight, extending the arms above the head so that the toes, face, and fingers

are above water, and then you will find the position very easy.

In treading water hold the hands above the surface and step up and down, first with one and then with the other foot, taking care to point the toes downward when raising the foot, and by bending the ankle step down flat-footed, so that in raising the foot the body is not dragged down, and in stepping down the body is raised up.

As soon as one has learned the breast



DIVING "SHALLOW."

stroke he should learn the dive. The best way to learn is by squatting on the edge of the water, with elbows resting on the knees and the hands drawn up, as they are in preparing for the breast stroke. Then plunge into the water, taking care not to open the eyes until the head and part of the body are under the water. There are many ways of diving, but the straight-forward plunge is the simplest and the best.

In diving in shallow water it is the safest to squat and make a plunge, strike the surface flat and glide out into deep water. Swimming under water is very easily learned. When at a proper distance below the surface strike out, using the breast stroke, taking care to bring the arms back straight. To come up make a downward stroke with the arms and that will bring the body to the surface.

CRIES FOR HIS 'BACCY.

A Chicago 2-year-old Who Has a Passion for Smoking.

Leonard Turner, a 2-year-old Chicago babe, smokes a pipe and cigars.

Little "Lenne," as his pet name runs, is a great smoker. When but a few months old he was taught to smoke tobacco in an ordinary clay pipe. Now he cries for it.

He is a pretty child, with even, regular features, big, bright, black eyes, and very dark hair. His complexion is clear and a healthy glow runs over his features. He wears a neat little red and white striped dress, black stockings, new shoes, and evidently has been well cared for. He is the picture of health, is very lively, constantly laughing, and would make a nice picture for dainty advertising novelties.

His pipe was held up to his view. He at once began laughing, crowing and clapping his hands and toddled across the room, reaching for that pipe. It was handed him. He poked the stem between his red lips, jammed his chubby fingers down into the bowl, and looked longingly at the one who had handed him the pipe as if to say, "Fill it up and light it for me."

He can't light the pipe, though he makes a fair stagger at filling it. Though he has not all his teeth yet, he can hold the pipe in place without touching his hand to it.

Still, his favorite methods of smok-



ing are two—"the quiet smoke" and the "gad-about smoke," as the neighbors have termed them. For the former he sits flat on the floor with his fat little legs pushed out ahead of him, holds the pipe with his right hand, and puffs industriously until it is well a-going, then takes the pipe from his mouth and watches the smoke curl away, while a very sober and meditative look rests upon his face. His appearance then is droll and comical. He looks as if thinking of some great problem in finance or politics.

In his "gad-about" smoke, as soon as he gets a light he struts across the floor on his insecure legs, filling the air with wreaths of smoke and stopping frequently to laugh, throw the burning tobacco about him, and crow at the disturbance it causes.

He will cry and fight when the pipe is taken from him and laugh merrily when it is returned. He has frequently smoked two pipes of tobacco and a cigar a day. He prefers the pipe to a cigar. His own pipe, which he has been using for several months, is colored from service and has an inch of stem broken off.

BISHOP WILBERFORCE once came near going on strike himself, and by a threat of so doing he carried a point. Entering a crowded church in which he was to preach, one day, he escorted inside a lady whom he met at the door but who complained that there was no room. To his order to the beadle to find her a seat, that functionary replied that it was impossible. Thereupon the Bishop declared: "Oh, if you don't, I won't preach!" A luxurious empty pew was quickly discovered.

CAROLUS DURAN likes to load his fingers with rings and to wear handsome silk linings to his coats. He excels in riding, guitar-playing, and fencing. He is popular on the boulevards, and everybody in Paris knows him.

Swordfish and Shark.

"What strange thing has come athwart my hawse in the last dozen years?" mused Capt. Carnes of the brig Mary, as he shifted his quid. "Well, I might tell you of a bit of adventure that happened to my vessel one day among the Windward Islands of the Caribbean Sea. We were just to the east of the group, and about fifteen miles away, when there came a dead calm. The sea was like a mill pond, and the sun beat down like a ball of fire. One of the men, who was aloft for something, discovered a large shark prowling around the brig, and I gave the men permission to bait for him. They baited the hook and tempted him, but he would not ever smell of the pork. He was a straight-out man-eater, and he wanted sailor or nothing. He made two or three circuits about the vessel, his dorsal fin showing above the water, and he then settled down off our port quarter, about twenty feet away, and kept his eyes fastened on the heads of the men above the railing.

"Well, sir, there was something so aggravating in that shark settling down there, as if determined to stay until some of us tumbled overboard, that we made up our minds to drive him away after some fashion. We had a harpoon aboard, and one of the men used it to give the fish several bad gashes, but after each wound he'd make a circuit and come back to the old spot. You may rip a shark from stem to stern, and he won't seem to mind the hurt. By and by the men got so hot that they asked leave to man the boat and either kill the grim devil or drive him away. I consented, and a sailor named Williams scrambled into the yawl as she swung at the davits to cast off when she was down. The falls had scarcely been manned when one of them parted, and the boat dropped stern down. The sailor was pitched ten feet away, and as he struck the water there was a yell from every man on the brig. He pitched right at the shark, and we expected to see him grabbed up in a second. Indeed, we all saw the fish whirl and make a rush, and as the sailor swam alongside and seized a rope a terrible combat began in the water. We knew that one of the fighters was the shark, but it was minutes before we made out that the other was a swordfish.

"I calculate that rumpus lasted all of fifteen minutes. They fought on the surface and under it, they circled and came back, they went under the brig and around her, and the sea was churned to perfect foam all the time. The affair finally ended by the shark turning belly up, as dead as a hammer, and I guess there wasn't a foot of him which hadn't felt a thrust of the sword. He bled like a stuck hog, and was only fairly dead when the swordfish took a run for the brig. He backed off about fifty feet, and came full tilt, and as true as I'm sitting here, he made her shiver as he struck. That sword of his struck good oak plank, sheathed with copper, but nothing stopped it until it showed for six inches in the hold. We saw him as he backed off, and knew that he had lost his weapon. It was a terrible hurt, and when a breeze sprang up and filled our sails he was still floundering around the shark's body, seeming to have lost his compass points altogether.

"On the way down to Trinidad the brig made considerable water, and when we came to unload her cargo we found the sword sticking into her as I have told you. A portion of it was afterward carried to Boston, and is probably there yet."

He Was Absent-Minded.

A young lady entered a car on the New York and New England Road, at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, yesterday, and walked up to the only vacant seat beside a gentleman who was intently reading a letter.

"Engaged, sir?" she asked. "Just missed it." She writes that the sister of mine now," answered the gentleman, absent-mindedly, without looking up.

"I beg your pardon," stammered the confused young lady, "but may I—?"

"Never again for me," interrupted the excited gentleman.

The young lady, fearing that she might have a lunatic for a neighbor if she took the seat, turned her back, intending to go into another car at the next stop.

Meanwhile the gentleman had finished his letter and taken his bearings. Noticing the lady standing while there was a seat vacant next to him, he politely notified her of the fact.

After some hesitation she blushing accepted.

Then, he having fully recovered his composure, what had just occurred gradually dawned upon him, and he felt it incumbent upon himself to offer the young lady an apology, which she received so graciously that explanations of a more confidential nature soon followed, and when I left the train at Brewster's they were on a fair way to become brother and sister, if nothing better, he having apparently forgotten his previous expressed resolution—"Never again for me."—New York Herald.

Solicited Aid of Uncle Sam.

Ricardo L. Trumbull, who labored so hard to influence the authorities at Washington to renounce their neutrality and recognize the Congressional party in their contest against the deposed tyrant, Balmaceda, is the son of an American who settled in Chili.

He received his education in Yale University and graduated from the Yale Law School. He took sides against Balmaceda in his unconstitutional manner of controlling the election of his successor and had all his effects confiscated, he himself escaping in disguise to Iquique. He is an able writer and orator, and has made a favorable impression in many parts of the country where he has visited.



make a long tail (tale) short. A man, after he has eaten a good dinner, may feel extravagantly joyous; but the next day—oh! but he is surly and grim, his stomach and liver are sluggish, he is morose, despondent and "out of sorts" generally. But he may get a prompt return for his money by purchasing Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

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In this world, says J. Hoffner of Syracuse, N. Y. is Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, because my son who was partially paralyzed three years ago and attacked by fits, has not had any symptoms of them since he took one bottle of the remedy. I most heartily thank for it.

Mr. Ernest Castleman, Effingham, Ill., informed us that he had been a sufferer from insomnia and rushing of blood to the head for weeks. He procured a bottle of Koenig's Nerve Tonic, took it according to directions, and found relief after having taken only about 12 doses; he speaks very highly of it.

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